

جامعة الموصل

كلية الآداب

القسم: الترجمة



عنوان المحاضرة: ACT3

المادة الدراسية: المسرحية

المرحلة الدراسية: الثالثة

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Act Three

Romeo and Juliet

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.

The day is hot; the Capulets, abroad;

And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl,

For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.



metaphor

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou **consortest** with Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick. Here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, "consort"!

Check out how “consort” can give two different connotations. We are not sure what Tybalt specifically meant and if Mercutio wanted to understand it in a specific way in order to start a fight

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

TYBALT

Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none.
Therefore, farewell. I see thou know'st me not.

TYBALT

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO

I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good Capulet-which name I tender
As dearly as my own-be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm dishonourable, vile submission!

What does Mercutio refer to here?

MERCUTIO

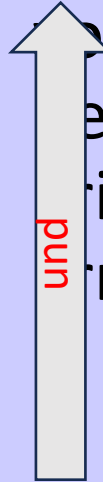
I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.



Is he gone and hath nothing?...

No, 'tis not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.



MERCUTIO

Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made **worms'** **meat** of me. I have it,
And soundly too. Your houses!



ROMEO

Alive in triumph-and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now.



Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again

That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company.

Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

ROMEO

Oh, I am fortune's fool!



What theme do you find
here?

FATE

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague.

Affection makes him false. He speaks not true.

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,

And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give .

Romeo slew Tybalt. Romeo must not live.

Notice how Lady
Capulet speaks in
couplets

PRINCE

And for that offence

Immediately we do exile him hence.

I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding.

My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding.

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine

That you shall all repent the loss of mine.

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.

Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,

Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,

Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.

Bear hence this body and attend our will.

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Notice how the Prince
speaks in couplets
What is Romeo's
sentence?

personification

Juliet:

Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo. And when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.

Notice the motif of dark/light or
night/day

hyperbole

metaphor

simile

Notice the image Juliet draws to
describe her waiting

JULIET

O serpent heart hid with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!

Dove-feathered raven, wolvis-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show,

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.

A damned saint, an honorable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell

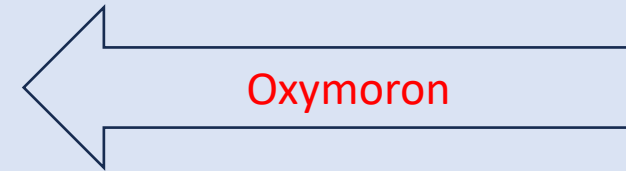
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? Oh, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!



Romeo

There is no world without Verona walls

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

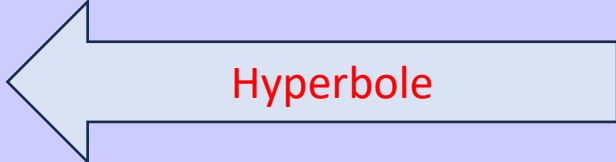
Hence "banished" is banished from the world,

And world's exile is death. Then "banished,"

Is death misterm'd. Calling death "banishment,"

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden ax

And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.



Hyperbole

JULIET

O God, I have an ill-divining soul.

Methinks I see thee now, thou art so low

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Foreshadowing

CAPULET

Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?...
How, how, how, how? Chopped logic! What is this?
"Proud," and "I thank you," and "I thank you not,"
And yet "not proud"? Mistress minion you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But fettle your fine joints' gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green sickness, carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow face!

In patriarchal societies,
women have no free will;
they are expected to do as
told by the males in their
families and by the society
itself

- CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage! Disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church O' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not. Reply not. Do not answer me.

My fingers itch.-Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse

Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first. Or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Juliet

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counselor.
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die.